

CHAPTER XVI

Conclusion.

AT the window of a Pullman sleeping car on the West train, as it rushed through the Lake Superior district, drinking in all the details of the wonderful and romantic country through which they were passing, sat Dorothy (with Mrs. Arthur beside her), leaning forward to listen to the information about the surrounding country which her guardian had heard from the brakeman.

It seemed to her an endless vision of water, islands, bays, headlands, rocks, and fir woods; and when night shut out the view they still rushed on, finding themselves, as daylight returned, entering the prairie, in the centre of which Winnipeg stands.

At the railway depôt there, watching eagerly for the arrival of the train, were two youths—one tall, broad-shouldered and bronzed, with an honest British face, and hands hardened with daily toil; the other slight and boyish, with strikingly handsome features, and dark eyes matching his curly, black hair.

The one would be taken for a prosperous young